

AN EXPERT'S VIEW

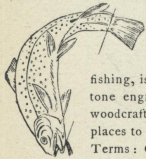
MISS ANTHROPY: "And do you really think that women are prone to jump at conclusions?"
THE NOVELIST: "Certainly; they always read the last chapter first!"

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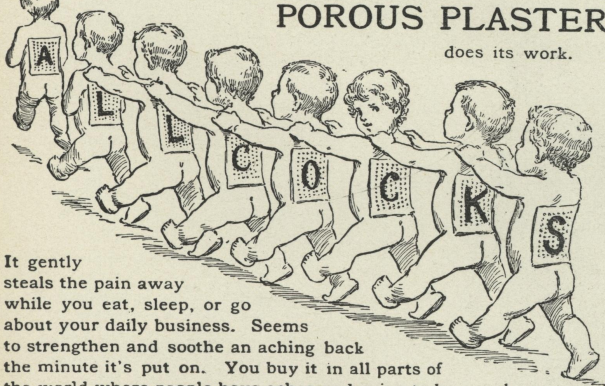
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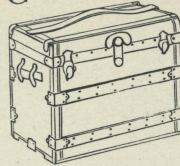
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After a lecture on architecture (one of the "improving" things girls like to do in Lent, because it gives them such a conviction of being intellectual), they were talking of the present "composite" style in dress; as mixed as the outfit of that gentleman of fair Portia's acquaintance, who "bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere." We already have the Empire gown, the hat and sleeves of 1830, and presently we shall have the hoop; but whether the stately hoop of 1776, or the merely bulbous and frivolous hoop of 1865, remains to be seen.

Apropos of this power or tendency of fashion, there is the question of hair-dressing. Not so long ago, when the "petite" woman was the mode in literature, there were no tall girls to be seen; presently it was announced in the public prints that to be tall was the most approved mode, and presto! the city was thronged with tall girls—big, wholesome, handsome creatures, rosy and merry, and abounding in health and the lissomeness of youth.

But to return to the subject of hair-dressing. A similar process of adjustment may be observed in this case also.

Many years ago (any one may refresh her memory by consulting the novels, say of a quarter of a century ago), fine heads of hair were the rule, and not the exception. Thick, glossy braids or quantities of curls, had to be taken into consideration in designing new modes of arranging the hair,

and the expression "crowned with her superb braids of hair" had a more than technical meaning. Now, how rare it is to see a woman over thirty with a thick and full "suit of hair" as our grandmothers called it. Even the younger women, not long out, have lovely locks perhaps, soft, exquisite in color, waving or curling or naturally wavy, but so fine and so little of them.

For a generation these girls and their mothers have been living at such a pace, that the *séve*, the vigor necessary for the production of the "glory of woman" has been lost.

Naturally the style of hair-dressing has adjusted itself to these changed conditions. The exquisite contour of the head itself is more relied on to give pleasure, rather than the beauty of shining or curling hair. If we are reminded that this style is "classic" we in our turn offer the reminder that in Greece and Rome the racial conditions were very similar.

And the worst of it is that the eye having now become educated to these forms, to the waved tresses finishing in a close little knot and a bow of ribbon on the crown—or to the small, chic and pert erections decked out with a feather or a jeweled aigrette—has adopted a new standard, and when a woman with really superb hair is seen, the manner in which she is forced to dispose of her braids seems dowdy, the little head itself out of proportion and overweighted, and the really beautiful thing is dismissed as looking too much like the advertisement of a hair restorer.

GREAT PRAISE

"Do you think my last picture is worth hanging?" asked Pinksit of his friend Wilberforce.

"Worth hanging?" replied Wilberforce, enthusiastically, "hanging is too good for it."

IN DOUBT

GEORGE: "I will be a true husband to you, Mabel."

MABEL: "No, George, I can't believe it. You are too good to be true."



EVERYBODY

MRS. DANGLE: "Are you coming to my afternoon on the 28th?"

MRS. VON BLUMER: "I am so sorry but I have a previous engagement."

MRS. DANGLE (complacently): "Everyone will be there."

MRS. VON BLUMER: "I have no doubt of that."

TERSE

THE CRITICAL MR. DASHING: "She's vain."

THE SWEET PENELOPE: "Yes—but in vain."

ONE OF MANY

ETHEL: "Chollie Harkins is a curious paradox."

MAUDE: "In what respect?"

ETHEL: "Personally he is so considerate; mentally, so thoughtless."

THE DIFFICULTY

PERDITA: "How in the world do you men ever keep up with the London styles so well?"

VAN ISBE: "O, that's no trouble. The difficulty lies in trying to prevent other men from keeping up with them."

IN A CITY PARK

MRS. SNOWE: "This is very cold weather."

MR. SNOWE: "I told you, last autumn, that it would be a hard winter, because the squirrels were getting such thick coats."

A SPARROW (in a tree): "And how did you know, neighbor Squirrel?"

A SQUIRREL: "By the very small size of the women's new autumn bonnets."

HE WAS SATISFIED

ROCKEFELLER: "For Heaven's sake, Charley, who's your tailor? Can't you find one who can size you up a little better?"

UPPERS: "That's all right; I don't want to."

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY

SHE (very tall): "I shall marry a man I can look up to."

HE (very short): "You aren't going to marry a freak, are you?"

THE REVERSE

A: "Hello, old chap! Congratulations! I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune?"

B: "No; I married a fortune with an independent lady."

AUTHENTIC

HE: "O these are the family portraits are they?"

SHE: "Yes."

HE: "Really?"

SHE: "Yes, I saw them painted myself."

HOW INDEED

"Chappie does not know his own mind."

"How should he when he has never come in contact with it?"

A FORGONE CONCLUSION

"The Man With a Hundred Heads," I ween,
(I guess—I am not quoting facts),
Must be the one whom all the men
Go out to see between the acts.

For description of fashion drawings published in Vogue, see Supplement.



WHAT SHE WEARS

For description of fashion drawings published in Vogue, see supplement

OF INTEREST TO HER

I Have had half a dozen persons to comment recently upon the appearance of my new visiting cards. The plate—which cost me ten dollars, by the way—has just arrived from the very smartest stationer in London, and consequently, I am calmly indifferent to remarks complimentary or otherwise. I know fac-simile editions of my squares of engraved pasteboard are used by the new Duchess of Devonshire the fastidious Marchioness of Salisbury, and scores of other topping aristocrats who set the fashion for lesser lights to follow.

My card is an adaptation of an old style revived. It is a trifle smaller than those commonly carried by married women, is much lighter weight than our American *carte-de-visite*, has my full name engraved across the centre in tiny old English script, with my day in the left, and address in the right-hand corner. I have some antique yellow cards of my grandmother's which look very like these new ones, save that in hers the script is large and heavy where mine is close and fine.

I honestly believed that when Lent arrived to ease the burdens of society folk, I should enjoy the novelty of lunching at home once in a while. I never mind dining out, for then the day's duties are done, and after eight o'clock one feels a pleasing sense of liberty to frivol and frolic according to one's individual devices. Dinner should always be a ceremonious social function, but in these epicurean times to lunch with a friend implies eating from half after one o'clock till half after three at least.

However, I was fully repaid for going out, the other day, by the luxurious beauty of an afternoon meal. It was quite the prettiest arrangement of a table I have seen this year. The cover was of pale watered green silk, and in place of the fashionable lace cloth, dainty squares of Mexican drawn work were spread before each guest, so that the fourteen very nearly veiled the silk. At one corner of the table a broad green *moire* sash ribbon was tied, having fluttering drooping ends, and in among the numerous erect loops were great handfuls of golden daffodils. The ribbon was drawn diagonally across the board, and at the opposite corner was knotted in the same way with clusters of dewy La France roses. I noticed the centrepiece as being a little out of the ordinary: a big flat silver salver heaped with maiden-hair ferns and pink tulips, while graceful bouquets of jonquils were tied by green ribbons to the silver handles of the old-fashioned tray. Here, too, the wine was poured from four superb silver tankards that sat upon the table, and at each cover guests found their napkins held by floral rings of green and yellow.

Some one called my attention, the other day, to the amusing fatality that overtakes all American women, sooner or later, after the development of Anglomania in their systems. The disorder displays itself in a monstrous combing of the victim's hair, very similar to that which has so long disfigured the Princess of Wales. In this country that abnormal arrangement of frizzed woolly stuff on the forehead is known as the "shop girl's bang," but the English respect it as a fashion consecrated by royal approval. At this very minute I have in mind two extremely charming New York women who yielded up both beauty and individuality to adopt the brow mattress introduced by Her Royal Highness. They went to England with soft pretty love locks, were well received in London's smart set, and behold! each one returned to us her slender face crowned by artificial frizettes, and the stiff aggressive coiffure familiar through photographs of the Princess and her lady-like but very plain daughters. It is a species of loyalty, I suppose, but the virtue and beauty of the change are rather difficult to discover.

After a meeting of our pet Guild the other day a friend of mine suggested we start a Current Events Club, to discuss the leading social, literary, and political questions of the day. I rather liked the idea and voted aye, when some one threw cold water on our scheme by telling of her recent visit to the extremely smart "Current Events Club" of Philadelphia. Being a guest from New York, she was impressed by the superior enterprise of the Philadelphians in getting up such an organization, and attended the meeting with ears and eyes wide open to absorb suggestions and introduce a club of the kind at home. It appears when the members were all assembled, and formalities were concluded, one lady was called upon to introduce the subject for discussion. Imagine the sensations of that meek and lowly Gothamite when the debate opened upon influences most potent in suggesting the conquest of England to William the Norman!

Signora Duse is an uncommon woman in more ways than one. She is an artist who declines every overture of the millionaire to disport her talents for drawing room edification. I know of her being approached and unlimited money offered for a single recitation, but as this grande dame of the footlights communicates with the business world solely through her private secretary, the proposition was not even considered. Fashionable New Yorkers, who flout the European idea of receiving artists as equals, are in a state of utter amazement over the haughty exclusiveness of the great Italian actress.

I would not for the world suggest that my set are narrow or provincial in their ideas, or that a



"If ever you miss the sunlight, you'll find it in her hair."

certain monotony depresses our social functions. But it was extremely diverting to hear a well-known leader of the elegantes express her views the other day. She was talking of a famous old lady of our beau monde who rouges her cheeks, dyes her hair and makes no secret of it either. This elderly person is frequently grotesque, but my friend declared she owed her an endless debt of gratitude for the variety and color her antics and daring infused into a society that was hatefully conventional most of the time.

WHAT SHE WEARS

SOME of her Lenten toilettes are extremely fetching. A costume she is rather fond of wearing in the afternoon has a short flaring skirt of French gray bengaline, frilled up to the waist with scant narrow ruffles of violet velvet set each one six or eight inches apart. The close-fitting bodice and big drooping sleeves are of gray velvet narrowly striped with purple, while the tiny Bolero jacket is of the deep-toned velvet lined and faced with pale rose and edged with silver guimp. Outside her straight high collar she clasps a broad band of amethysts set in silver and a girdle to match covers the line where skirt and waist meet. The bonnet worn with this frock is little more than a head dress; for a small coronet of purple velvet studded with purple stones rests lightly on her blond locks, apparently serving as a mere support for a high cluster of shell pink roses placed a trifle to the left. Of course the bonnet strings are of wide white ribbon, and, equally of course, they are twisted about her wavy knot of hair before being pinned with diamond-headed bees cut out of big purple amethysts.

The above is only worn on feast days, however. For seasons of fasting her gown is of the softest black silk crepon, the short bouffant skirt decorated with a thick fluffy ruche of thin crapy gauze festooned at intervals with bows of narrow satin ribbon. Her smooth-fitting balloon sleeved bodice has exaggeratedly wide full shoulder frills of the black gauze that fall nearly to the elbows, and an Empire belt of the same that meets with the ruche effect behind. As might be imagined, her brooch is a jeweled anchor of antique workmanship, her breast knot lilies-of-the-valley pinned on with a sword of sapphires, a heavy silver cross is thrust in the folds of her Empire girdle, and her entire presence breathes the perfume of orris root and early piety.

For purely secular occasion, this same sweet young saint is not averse to a toilette her mamma has just perfected in detail for her. It is a golden brown bengaline made with astonishing simplicity. The

jupe is severely plain, but the bodice has double capes set on about the shoulders, capes lined with dull blue silk, while velvet of the latter shade folded flat around the waist, is introduced in front and made up into quaint flat rosettes, which ornament the upper edge of the shoulder flounces. With this she wears the most picturesque of white chip poke bonnets, with curled, brown, ostrich feathers clustered about the crown and one very big dull blue rosette decorating the wide brim.

A combination in tints she has tried and finds satisfactory when her color is high, is a pale straw tinted silk with sleeves of petunia pink velvet. With this she usually wears a wide collar of fine garnets set in silver.

Then there are some things this well-informed young person avoids like the deadly upas. Among them are spats or gaiters. They are rigidly excluded from her wardrobe. A clever, down-town boot-maker fashions her stout leather walking shoes that lace up the front, have pointed toes, yet are made for service rather than beauty. On very fine days she wears French kid with foxings of heavy black cloth and for carriage and calling uses patent leathers having thin soles, moderately high heels and uppers of cloth or kid as she may prefer. Being inordinately vain of her feet she dresses them in black satin at night unless white or colored pau touffes are imperative. She is shrewd enough to know that it requires an Andalusian slenderness and archness of the foot to dare black satin slippers and consequently gives them the preference. Sometimes she wears simply a small bow of ribbon at the base of the instep and again a pom-pom of black chiffon with a tiny star of emeralds or brilliants.

In preparation for an early flight to the country, her clever French maid is making at home some deliciously pretty muslin frocks. The silk slips over which they are worn are, of course, the handiwork of a skilful modiste, but her maid is quite deft enough to cut and make full gored skirts, gathered baby waists, crisp puffed sleeves only reaching the elbow, and dainty Marie Antoinette fichus finished with lace frills, and long enough to cross over the bosom, meet at the waist line behind, and there tie in a muslin sash with floating ends. The fabrics are exquisitely fine; are tinted in buff, mauve, sea green, rose, and the palest blue, or have white backgrounds with graceful French designs in some one of the above named colors. Petunia is much to the fore in these new Swiss and gauzy stuffs, and is happily combined with straw color, pearl, or a very faint green.

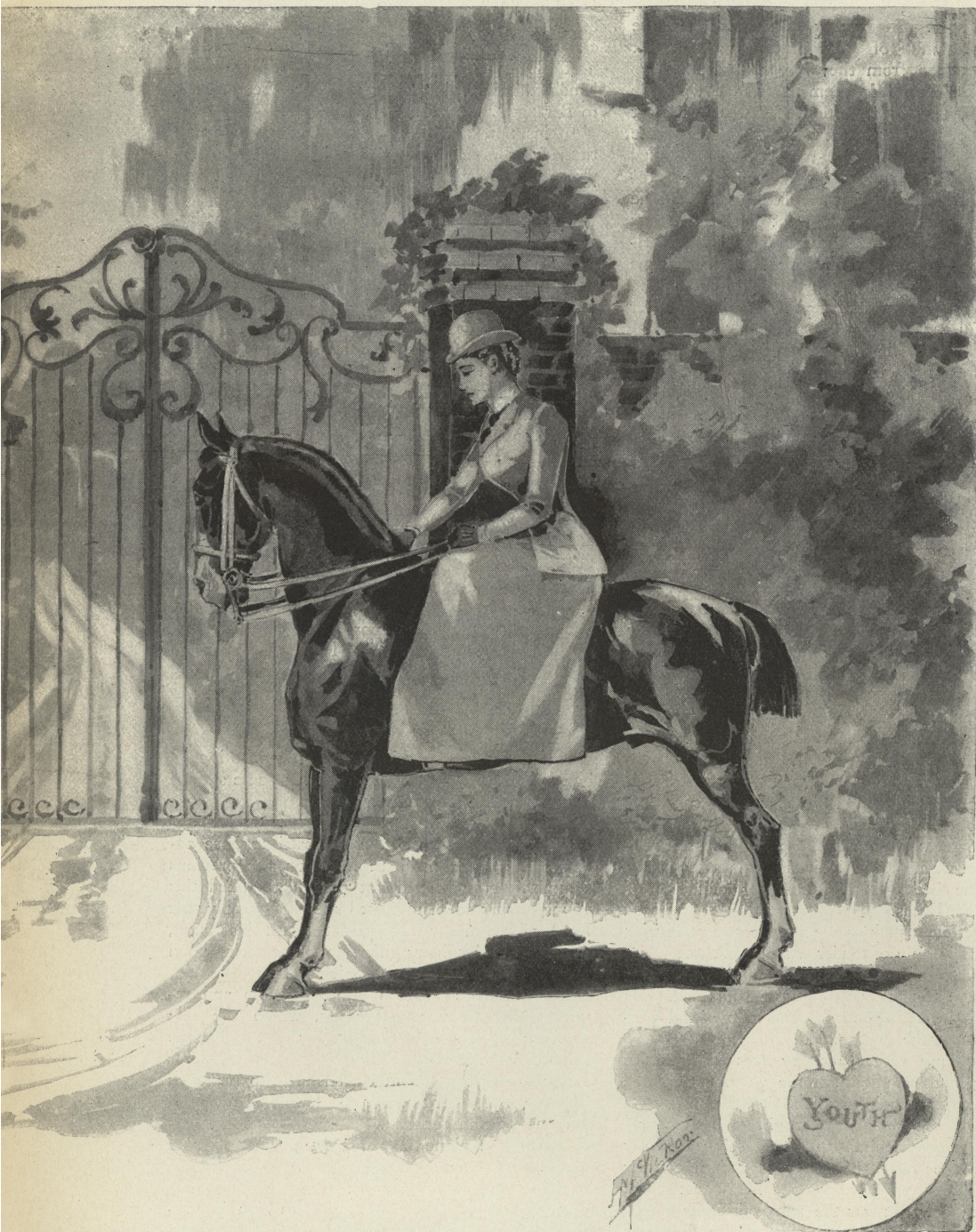
The newest costumes are combined with velvet. It is seen equally upon street costumes, reception and carriage toilettes, ball and dinner gowns.



"Fancy, led by Love elate!
Forms a world beside the Grate."



LOVE AT



FIRST SIGHT

A NOVEMBER ROSE

IT was a gray, foggy, damp day in Paris. The famous mud of Paris gleamed in the light that shone from the overcast sky until the Place de la Concorde seemed glorified with the pallid luminosity of reflection. It was a day for tears and sighs for the dead past. Through the noise of the city's traffic the deep amber-toned trees of the Tuileries gardens moaned, in the November wind, a lament for the historic dead. The sad-eyed statue of Strasburg wept for her captivity—a Niobe of cities, her tears dripping on the yellow wreaths of immortelles and the black crape which caused the men who passed her by in grim silence to turn away that they might not meet her reproachful gaze.

I was lonely that afternoon with the divine loneliness of Paris, which stimulates the creative impulse and sets the imagination throbbing in time with the city's heart and soul and intellect.

Most men of my profession who have lived the expatriated life for years, who are not married and who have passed the period of the little supper and the masked ball, as Americans who have a serious purpose in life do after a certain age, even in Paris, are lonely. Most of us are poor and most of us work hard and our associations narrow themselves down to our atelier comrades, a few great French painters who are kind enough to allow us to profit by their friendship and the persons who provide for our daily wants, such as the concierge and his wife, the laundress from the Seine country the garçon at our favorite café.

Our female acquaintances are few. They consist chiefly of models. Now and then one of us marries his model, but, generally speaking, these young ladies regard us as old fogies and drift away, after a few sittings, into those superior social regions about the Arc de Triomphe where the rich young amateurs of America, Spain and Russia provide them with fatter pickings than can be found among the beetle-browed, frowning buildings of the Rue St. Denis.

And yet even such as we yearn occasionally for the companionship of tender woman. A soft white hand to fill our pipe, a kindly, tolerant hand to mix our bedtime draught, a strong firm hand to hold us back from stumbling as men who follow ideal professions are prone to stumble.

Out of my reverie, as my eyes followed the gleaming lines of light on the pavement of the Place de la Concorde, evolved itself a vision—a type of womanhood or rather girlhood, such as I would have given much to see adorning my lofty home in the garret of an old sixteenth century house where a proud sieur once held court under the great Louis. It was the pale, spirituelle blonde of Paris with a mist of soft dull gold hair hovering about her oval, sensitive, straightforward face, a

neatly turned ankle, a dainty petticoat, a simple black gown well fitted to the slender figure, the bunch of violets of two sous—the sweet hardy, chilly violets of Paris—thrust in her buttonhole, the neat black toque and, let me see—a large black bandbox! The black bandbox was a concession to Beranger and his Lizette.

"It is not, however, absolutely necessary that the lady of my dreams should be a milliner's apprentice," thought I, as I passed the obelisk and strode on to the nearest bridge.

I started with surprise. Suddenly, there rose before me in the crowd a figure which seemed the materialization of my vision. There was no bandbox on the slender arm and there was about the whole figure the indefinable something that marks the lady in every country and clime.

A man may be excused for following his ideal, even if he run the risk of being taken for a mere vulgar libertine. On the Quai Malaquais she passed under an archway and I lost sight of her for a few moments, which I spent among the bookshelves of the quay. She re-appeared, looking very despondent, and the slender black figure led me on like a wraith of past hopes, until, to my astonishment, the girl mounted my own stairs and rang my own doorbell. I raised my hat to her.

"Mr. Griggs?" she said, inquiringly, with a smile that disclosed pretty, white teeth. "I am Miss Jackson, of New York. I am an art student, but my remittances from home have failed me and I am obliged to pose, provided I can find anyone to employ me."

She handed me a card, on which was written:

"DEAR GRIGGS:

"Miss Jackson is a young lady who is anxious to pose. If you can give her some sittings you will greatly oblige me."

The name was that of a compatriot whose acquaintance I had made at Barbizon, the previous summer. Now, I had not particularly liked this young man, and it impressed me disagreeably that he should be in any way associated with this young, charming, and solitary girl, who was entering upon the very risky career of a model.

I asked Miss Jackson into my studio and requested her to remove her hat, which she did; showing a Psyche-like head that was *jolie à croquer*. Although I had no special use for Miss Jackson's services at that moment, I determined to make an opportunity for her to pose, as I remarked a wistful, anxious look on her face.

"Are you alone in Paris, Miss Jackson?" I asked.

"Entirely," was the reply.

"Have you no one belonging to you in Europe?"

"No one. I am an orphan, without near rela-

tives. I have been in Paris six months, studying at Julian's and copying small bits at the Louvre, but of late the dealers have failed me, and my New York remittances, which are, at best, very small ones, come but slowly. I am looking for work as a model." She choked back the tears as she spoke.

"Where are you living?" I asked.

"At a pension some distance from here, on this side of the Seine."

I took down the address she gave. "If you will come to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Miss Jackson, I will see what I can do with your very charming head."

The young girl thanked me in a sweet, naïve way. I followed her down stairs and through the streets of the Boul' Mich' quarter until I saw her enter a grated door in a high wall. As she disappeared I stepped to the grating and looked in after her.

She entered a villa-like house, which had a charming garden in front. The tall ailanthus trees were covered with a thick growth of ivy. The graveled walk was strewn with the gaunt rods and lifeless leaves of the ailanthus. There were benches under the trees, and in the middle of the garden was a large fountain with ivy-growth thick over the rockwork, and a plaster cupid, very gray and weather-beaten, gazing down in a Napoleonic attitude upon the dead weight of ailanthus leaves which oppressed the stagnant waters.

About the rockwork was an irregular border of garden. It contained but one flower—a small white rose, blooming bravely on a slender rose tree—the rose of November, the month of the Paris dead.

It gave me a curious thrill, at once of regret, of hope, of apprehension, to see the small sweet flower blooming away in that damp Paris garden. There was a certain resemblance between the gallant pretty flower, making its little fight for life against cold winds and colder damp, and the fair, slight young girl who was obliged to pose because she could not make her daily bread and salt out of her art. I yearned to gather the pale little rose and bring it in out of the cold and ivy-damp into a warm light room. But alas! I had no warm, light room in which to enshrine the rose of November. I had only the garret of the Rue St. Denis and the rose would not have gained much by the exchange, for the garret was as cold as a barn. I really think that the Paris garrets are the coldest garrets in the world, which fact accounts for the fearful sufferings of French artistic genius in its early stages of development.

Miss Jackson kept her engagement for the following day and sat through the morning in a pseudo-Greek costume, looking as dainty as a Tanagra statuette.

She seemed cheerful and happy and I laughed at

my poetic fears for her youth and beauty, alone in the ateliers of Paris among the wild lads accustomed to the traditions of Béranger and Murger. Clearly, I was verging on old bachelorhood and had forgotten my jeunesse.

My anxiety as to the pretty model's future did not prevent my asking her to dinner at a restaurant not much frequented by artists, where I was fairly certain of having my charmer all to myself, in order that I might give her some fatherly advice, as to avoiding the pitfalls of the Paris studios.

I look back upon that dinner as one of the crowning moments of my life. It was a new experience for me. I saw myself for the first time in the rôle of père de famille, I liked it and I liked, too, to see the pretty face grow animated with the red wine and flash back a smiling recognition of itself from the great mirrors. I was caught up into the seventh heaven of romantic old bachelorhood.

"How d'ye do, Griggs?" said a voice at my elbow, as I strolled along the Boulevard des Italiens, a few days later. "Haven't seen you for an age. I sent you a pretty model, Miss Jackson, an American girl in a 'hard up' condition. How did you like her?"

The speaker was a tall, slight young fellow, with a changeful color in his face, light hazel eyes and a well-cut profile. He was not dressed after the Paris Bohemian manner. A high London hat was on his close-cropped head and a well-fitting London coat on his slightly stooping shoulders.

"O, very well," I replied, indifferently, as I turned and walked with him along the Boulevard. "It's hardly a nice life for such a girl as that, Beauchamp. I'm afraid she'll get herself into a scrape with some of those Frenchmen."

"O, Bessie can take care of herself," returned Beauchamp, switching his stick. "She's a sensible girl. I knew her in America. She had a studio in the same building with me, in Fourteenth Street at New York, and managed to pick up a living somehow. I don't think she has much talent. She's too pretty for an artist."

"Miss Jackson is a very satisfactory model," I rejoined. "She is doing very well. I hear the Italians complain that she is taking the bread from their mouths."

"Why don't you marry her, Griggs?" inquired Beauchamp with a cynical light in his hazel eyes. "High time you were done for."

"I don't think Miss Jackson would marry an old fellow like me," I replied, modestly; but, all the same, my heart throbbed wildly at the thought of seeing sweet Bessie Jackson permanently glorifying my barn of a studio with her inconsequent, girlish presence. She was not a particularly brilliant girl. She had made her little modest living as girls do at New York, out of the various minor forms of art for which there is a demand in our country, and

had exhibited a few sketch-class heads and flower subjects at the Academy of Design. She cherished the romantic American girl's desire to see Paris and study at Julian's. It appeared that the dream of her life had been to be a model in Paris, and now that her dream was realized she was perfectly happy. She had no family ties to call her back to America, and as long as she could make a living out of Paris she preferred to remain there, since all her own country had to offer her was bare existence. There was a philosophic streak in the girl who had been thrown upon her own resources at an early age which matched my personal view of life. The Frenchmen spoke well of Bessie. They regarded her as a *charmante jeune fille*, and would no more have asked her to attend the festivities of the Moulin Rouge than they would have broached the subject to any of the saintly ladies who stand in the niches on the façade of Notre Dame.

Altogether Beauchamp's suggestion about my marrying Miss Jackson seemed opportune. A spring Sunday afternoon, when all Paris thrilled with life, when the scent of violets was everywhere in the streets, and the horse-chestnuts of the Tuileries glowed softly with the pink and white bloom of the early year, saw us cosily seated on a bench on the quay in front of the Beaux Arts. The lime trees over our heads rustled with delight at the birth of spring.

"How glad I am," said Bessie, with a sigh of pleasure, "that I shall always be able to live at Paris." The soft wind that fluttered along the river bank played with her curls and the spring warmth lent a delicate flush to her cheek. She had gained in beauty since I had known her. A trifle of plumpness and an expression of contented triumph gave her a more mature look.

"Will you marry me, Bessie?" I asked, suddenly looking not at her but at the gray wall in front of me and the great gray pile beyond.

Bessie gave a startled cry.

"Why—no—Mr. Griggs! I never thought of you in that light. I don't want to marry anyone."

"How do you expect to live when you are too old to pose?" I inquired, reverting to that sordid idea of ways and means which rejected suitors of spiteful temper frequently expound for the benefit of their enterprising *Dulcineas*.

"I think I shall become a milliner," said Bessie, "I've a natural genius for millinery. I made this hat I have on. Is it not pretty? I copied it from a hat I saw in the Rue de la Paix."

In truth, it was a remarkably pretty concoction of gray straw and feathers, with a bunch of violets in front, and it gave a touch of elegance to the modest gray cashmere gown which covered Bessie's slim young form.

"Whom are you posing for, Bessie?" I asked,

after a moment's pause, during which an abyss of despondency opened at my feet.

"For Mr. Beauchamp. I am posing for a set of illustrations of old Italian life that he is drawing for a publisher in America."

She looked me full in the face with innocent blue eyes, but it seemed to me that there was a shade of self-consciousness veiling them. I wondered then if Beauchamp were my rival.

A few days later I made it in my way to go to Beauchamp's studio to ask the address of a model.

"I can't let you in, old fellow," said Beauchamp, coming to the door with his palette in his hand. "I've got a model—unless Miss Jackson is willing. You don't mind Griggs, do you, Bessie? I'll let him come in, if you say so."

"Oh, by all means," rang out Bessie's light soprano. "I don't mind him."

There she stood, the vision of my dreams, dressed in a cloth-of-gold train and close bodice, with a cap upon her head, leaning over an impromptu balcony formed of canvas stretchers, and holding out her hand for some imaginary gallant to kiss, while her blue eyes, bent downward, gleamed with a tender light, and her long, pale gold hair fell about her like a mantle.

I stood still, entranced by this new rendering of the old sweet story of Juliet and her lover. My eyes met Beauchamp's. There was a heightened color in his handsome, reckless, treacherous face. He turned away and gazed down admiringly at the golden symphony of maidenhood.

Clearly, those two young people were in love with each other. "How will it end?" I asked myself as I strolled home, buying violets because they reminded me of the day I had first seen Bessie.

In the early summer, I learned that Beauchamp had gone to America. I saw nothing more of Bessie but I heard a rumor that she had joined a sketching party of American girls and had gone to Normandy, whence I argued that she must be in prosperous circumstances. Once or twice I thought I saw her golden head dancing before me through the warm dusk of the summer streets, but, believing Bessie to be in Normandy, I concluded I must be mistaken. November came and she was not about the studios. I thought she might have gone to America. Beauchamp did not return and none of his atelier mates knew anything of him.

One gray, November day, a note was brought me. It was written in French, in the horrible characters of the French tradespeople and ran thus—

"Monsieur Grigs is prayed to come to the assistance of a young compatriot—a certain Mlle. Jackson who is dying in my house—*Veuve Lalonge*."

I questioned the messenger and I found he was the porter of a *maison garnée* in the St. Antoine

quarter kept by the Widow Lalonge. Mlle. Jackson had lived there since the previous spring. No, Mademoiselle had not been in the country at all. Mademoiselle was a milliner and worked in a magasin in the Rue St. Honoré. She was very poor and in debt for her rent. Madame Lalonge wished her to go to the hospital but she would not till she had seen Monsieur Greegs.

In a low garret room on the top floor of a high house I found pretty Bessie Jackson—a pale, November rose, lying broken by the blast. She threw herself into my arms, like a child seeking refuge, and her first words, interrupted by sobs were, "Have you heard from him? Do you know where he is?"

"Who, dear child?"

"Harry Beauchamp."

"Beauchamp is in America, Bessie."

"Yes, I know. Here is his last letter. Read it. He said he would be here in November."

It was a glib, specious letter, which pledged the writer to nothing and was destined to make a girl's heart break with suspense and longing. And Bessie's had broken.

"Why did you not come to me, Bessie, when you were in trouble?" I asked, stroking her hair, while Madame Lalonge sent for the doctor.

"I did not want any one to know about Harry and me until we were ready. And he asked me not to pose any more."

"And has he done nothing for you all these months, while you were waiting for him?"

"Nothing. He did not know how badly off I was. How should he? He was in America."

The doctor shook his head over Bessie. "Mademoiselle has but a day or two to live. The hospital? It is not worth while." He shrugged his shoulders and went away.

Bessie Jackson died in my arms. I cut off a long tress of her golden hair, I laid a handful of the small white roses of November upon her breast, and I followed her coffin to its resting-place. Then I went home to the great cold garret where her fair presence would never more shine like a star in a desert waste. Under my door I found a square envelope with an American postmark. It contained Beauchamp's wedding-cards.

Charlotte Adams.

A LAMENT

How I have loved thee, dear, but with a love
So fringed about with sweet sad jealousy,
That oft thou found'st occasion to reprove
And turn on me a moist, reproachful eye.
For I was jealous of the very sun
That watched thee grow in beauty day by day,
And of the license of the dallying wind
That had permission mid thy hair to stray.



BESSIE JACKSON

And I was jealous of the whispering sea
That kissed thy footprints dimpling in its sand,
And of that bold, wild rose whose blushing head
Drooped to caress the whiteness of thy hand.

But now 'tis past, my sweet, sad jealousy,
Alas! it has no further need to be,
Since from this hour thou art my very own
The great world sleeps and we two are alone,
Alone at last, for thou beloved art dead
And I am watching here beside thy bed.

AS SEEN BY HIM

I Suppose that I may be called exceedingly captious, because I am not impervious to criticism. I am indeed somewhat sensitive, and since I have given my opinions to *Vogue*—which by the way are not individual to myself, but simply the reflection of the ideas of any number of men of my acquaintance, of position and breeding,—I have been bitterly assailed by the city and provincial press. Some of these attacks are most amusing, and others would be so, but for the little sting of malignity with which they are spiced. I always try to be gallant and not to think that anything disagreeable can proceed from the fair sex, and yet I am positive that certain rather absurd perversions of what I have said, can claim no other authorship than feminine.

One fair critic, writing for a Sunday metropolitan daily, takes me to task because I speak of "trousers terminating at the knee." "These are breeches," she exclaims. No, my dear young woman—I know you are a woman, a writer for a woman's page, with a double-barrelled hyphenated name and one of the most brilliant ornaments of a Woman's Press Club, no doubt—the garments may or they may not be breeches, but it does not always follow because trousers are cut at the knee that they are breeches. In this particular case, the articles in question were breeches, but they were trousers as well, and I must advise you to go back to your rhetoric—in which I have no doubt you were most proficient at school—and study the chapters on genus and species, and then probably you will understand the question a little bit better.

Boston calls me a "Dude." I am shocked at Boston, because I thought that elegance in diction prevailed there over the slang in speech. San Francisco sneers at me—but I always make allowances for the west.

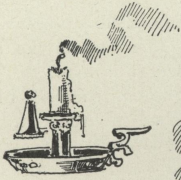
In these little conferences, I confess that I have frequently used very common terms. I have spoken of "Bluchers," applying the name to the boot by which it is known in the shops. I know myself that the "Blucher" proper was a high boot, something after the style of a Wellington, and that this article of footgear is a "Piccadilly," but, tant pis. I have also referred frequently to the "dinner or Cowes" coat as a Tuxedo, because these garments are most commonly known by the latter name in this country. In France they are called "smokings,"—but they must not be confounded with that ornamental coat which nobody ever wears except in plays and in sensational "to be continued" stories, and which are the delight and the chief decoration of second class haberdashers' display windows.

I am determined to weather the storm, to sweep all adverse opinion aside. These papers are only confidential chats, and the readers who honor me

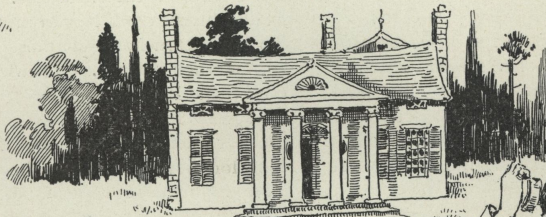
are but perusing the reflection of their own idiosyncrasies. "Him" is a mirror; and we all delight to look in the glass sometimes. I am otherwise to those outside who choose to read my effusions. To them I preach a gospel, and if their hearts should be touched by any little precept which I may dwell upon I shall feel that I have accomplished a great and a glorious mission.

I know my friend, Tommy Bleeker, to be a most charming fellow. He comes of excellent stock—for people who still look to that quality as a thing most commendable in man. And here, I must say, I agree with them. I have always said that "blood will tell," and many traits of a true gentleman are inborn. Well, Tommy's ancestry, as you all well know, would satisfy the most exacting Knickerbocker who still clings to life below Fourteenth Street. His great-grandfather lived on State Street, and then moved to Wall, and finally settled near Duane—very far up-town in those days. The old gentleman and his pigtail are laid reverently to rest, these score of years, beneath the sod in Trinity cemetery. His grandfather, to avoid a yellow fever scare, moved to Chelsea, and is mouldering in St. Luke's, on Hudson Street,—or rather, was, because I believe he has been recently transplanted to Harlem, to make way for the march of progress. The family are now as far up as Washington Square, a place of abode for which I hold the deepest affection and veneration. They are still in the swim, and, as I have said before, Tommy is a very excellent sort of chap. But why will he wear those execrable collars and that made-up scarf? Everybody is wearing shirts with turned-up collars, you know the style—quite high, and slightly bulging out in front. They are almost the same as those which encircled the neck of Tommy's progenitor down in St. Luke's. Tommy has turned down collars. I am, and always have been, a stickler for collars and cuffs attached to shirts. They are the only proper thing to wear.

I once went to call upon a very bright young fellow, well known in society, and who never made any pretense to dressing well, but who always observed the rules governing the attire of a gentleman. He was extremely clever and had a literary bent, and a very neat talent for writing. He had accepted a position on one of the great dailies in this city, as an editorial writer, and he was gallantly winning his laurels. The day I called and was seated in his little den, waiting for him to come out with me to luncheon, there entered the place a person very exaggerated as to his costume, who began to find fault with my friend for some expression as to the merits of a picture in an art exhibition, held somewhere the evening previous. "I cannot understand," said this personage, who, by the way, was in his shirt sleeves, and who, while talking, was busily engaged in reversing his cuffs, "how a man who has lived



The artistic
Candle.



The Country House.

MAX'S DIARY.



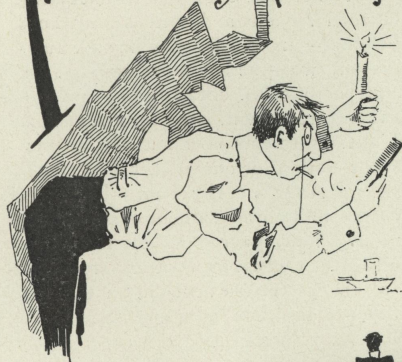
Blue
Room. 10 minutes after
Dinner's Served
(!!!!)



Red Room. 6 minutes after
Dinner's Served
(Smiles)

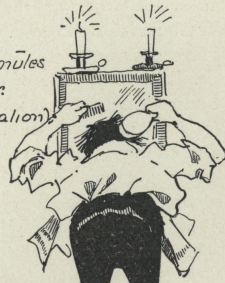
THE COUNTRY AND THE ARTISTIC

HOUSE CANDLE.

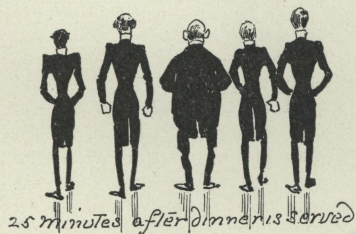


DARK Room. 20 minutes
after dinner hour
(Bad words)

South room. 12 minutes
after dinner hour
(dogged determination)



Green Room. 15
minutes after
dinner hour
(agony)



25 minutes after dinner is served

abroad, like yourself can, in your criticism, show such ignoble taste——” He reached no further.

“Sir,” answered my friend, in his calm, sarcastic way, hardly looking up from his screed which he was then writing, “you may criticise my politics, you may differ with me in my religious convictions, but a man who wears detachable collars and cuffs has no right to question me on matters of taste.”

The rebuke was deserved. The coatless person retired in confusion.

To return to our friend Tommy. I could make another man out of him for a few cents. Granted he wears detachable collars and cuffs. Then why does he not buy decent ones? Instead of investing in articles out of style, in cross streets in the business part of the city, where they sell “collars two for a quarter,” let him buy of some of the reputable Broadway or Twenty-third Street people, or Fifth Avenue houses, one, say, of these articles at the same price—25 cents. That one will certainly be in style, and it will last twice as long in the hands of his laundress. The same thing as to his cuffs. His scarf will cost him 75 cents, at the very least, and be hideous as to pattern and made of a material that will hardly stand two weeks’ use. For \$1.50 he could buy a flowing scarf, such as are worn now, of a neat dark pattern; tie it in the regulation Prince’s knot, and his appearance would be improved ten-fold. Tommy has a very handsome scarf-pin, and I cannot conceive why he should wish to thrust it in the upper part of the bow of his tie, or, what is much worse, jab it in his ready-made flat scarf, at the junction of two folds of silk so stiffly arranged as to immediately “give themselves away.”

These items represent most of the expense to be sustained in changing Tommy from a nightmare into a respectably dressed man. I think the difference in cash outlay amounts to hardly a dollar in all.

He will wear square-toed shoes when everybody else have their foot gear tapering. I do not believe in exaggerations. The toothpick shoe never caught my fancy. Some Englishmen may preach the square toe. It is all very well in theory. They wear them in the country, but never on Piccadilly. The line of beauty is described in a circle, the line of ugliness is square, lopped-off, deformed. Square-toed shoes are an abomination. Then Tommy has coats of that peculiar cut exhibited by cheap tailors in glass cases and labelled “This suit for \$25,” “The latest London Agony,” “The regular knock-me-down.” You see them displayed all over Fulton Street—which, by the way, I never thought was a part of New York, but a strange foreign continuation of a similar thoroughfare in the good city of Brooklyn. My imagination always works wonders with Fulton Street—I now believe it to be a species of Municipal Steve Brodie, which has jumped from somewhere, dived under the East river,

and come up somewhere else. Each one of these Fulton Street coats has an artificial flower sewed in the top button-hole—a moss rose bud or a tulip with strange foliage. Trousers are made by the Universal Pants Company down there. They are sewed by dirty Russians in the ruins of old Quaker mansions on East Broadway—sweaters’ dens I believe they are called—and you may see these garments brought in piles to the place where they are laid out for sale, in the early morning of any day that you may choose to study this question.

A coat of modern cut, two pairs of trousers—even if they cost \$15 a pair (I place this price upon them from a modern good tailor), evening dress, fashionable boots and shoes, linen and neck-ware will transform Tommy so completely that his appearance will rejoice the hearts of his friends and give great honor to the noble name he bears. He should alternate the wearing of the trousers, and if he is not able to hire a valet he can buy a flat iron, and with the aid of a newspaper, press and crease them himself. Or, they can be sent to a “little tailor round the corner,” to be pressed about once in two weeks, at a cost of half a dollar.

But what ever he does, do not let him—and I speak to you as one of his friends—purchase one of those wretched wooden contrivances which are guaranteed to “stretch pants.” They do not “stretch” and they ruin trousers, but perhaps they cannot inflict serious bodily harm on cast-iron Plymouth rock “pants” such as are worn by the “gent” who opens wine on every possible occasion. To come to the peroration of my sermon—good clothes are cheapest in the end. You look better, feel better satisfied and have more for your money. I do not say to young men of small means, go to this or that tailor on Fifth Avenue; but go to a good reliable and well known house. Have few clothes—and this is a much better rule—but let what you wear be an honor to you. Do not patronize notoriously cheap places. A good suit, well taken care of, will last over a season, and the cut of men’s garments does not vary so much as to make the clothes of one winter look out of place the next. And as a last word—I have frequently said this to Tommy without effect—always keep your gloves neat, your shoes clean and your hat well brushed. Only a little bit of care—this is the secret of the perfection in detail in the toilet of many a well-dressed man.

THE CAUSE OF HIS DELAY

“Hawkins was very late at the Bosby swell dinner last night.”

“Yes. He stopped in at the Delarin to get something to eat on his way, and the waiter was slow.”

Pressed to speak—a talking doll.

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 4, 1893

SOCIETY

NEver before in the history of New York social life has the dullness of this Lenten Season been equaled. Some large entertainments have been given up by the organizer in utter despair, for the total lack of interest in all gayety is impossible to struggle against.

Badminton and bowling seem the only occasions where life and energy are displayed, and then the younger set are pre-eminent. Whether it is the weather, the unusual amount of illness or the fearful shadow of crinoline which is thus sapping our vitality is not known, but the fact remains the same. There is a great exodus from the city. Private car parties are starting for various points of interest. The South bids fair to be very popular and Bermuda and Nassau are really very gay. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt gave several entertainments on their yacht, *Conqueror*, while she lay off Nassau and the gayety at Government House was quite unprecedented.

The various readings are very popular, and perhaps, because, as one woman says, they are like "those delightfully restful Philharmonic and Symphony rehearsals, where I can go to sleep if I please and know I shall not be disturbed by visitors." Mr. George Riddle has been giving a series of these readings at the residence of Mrs. Samuel Barger and every reading has been well attended. Mrs. L. Moyne and Mrs. Maud Elliot Howe have had enthusiastic audiences at their respective series.

Luncheon Clubs where the latest book is discussed have been and are very popular. True, they involve considerable trouble and expense, for each member in turn must give an elaborate luncheon and the books read and discussed are generally very weighty tomes, but then the reviews are very helpful in discussing said books and a pretty luncheon is a joy to both hostess and guests.

Theatre parties are many in number. The smart set consider sewing and theatre-going necessary to the proper observance of Lent and they are not wrong, for the plays seen and the sewing done are apt to be very mortifying.

The rumor that the Vaudeville is to be graced by the presence of four well-known society women who will, masked, give an exhibition of skirt-dancing, has been a wild topic of conversation having its foundation apparently in the fact that four of

Mrs. de Koven's friends have promised to dance at her house before only their intimate friends. The pros and cons of this absurd canard have been discussed for days past and at all events have been absorbing in the extreme.

Last Saturday Mrs. Henry T. Sloane gave a very beautiful dinner, where the decorations were unique, even though the American Beauty rose, which is certainly not unique, was largely used.

Mrs. George B. de Forest gave a theatre party the same evening.

Sunday Mrs. Livingston gave a large dinner.

Monday Mrs. Ogden Mills gave a dinner, at which many of the members of Mrs. Neilson's sewing class were present.

The same evening Mrs. Whittier gave a theatre party. Miss Whittier, who made her debut this winter, has been a great favorite.

Tuesday Mrs. Elisha Dyer gave a dinner, and Mrs. Willie Sloane gave a theatre party followed by a supper, the same evening.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Arthur Dodge gave a very delightful musicale, which was preceded by dinners given by Mrs. W. Earl Dodge, Mrs. F. S. Witherbee, Mrs. John Alexandre, Mrs. Forbes Leith, and Mrs. Karrick Riggs; the guests from the various houses going afterward to Mrs. Dodge's.

Friday Mrs. Storrs Wells gave one of the principal dinners, and Miss de Forest and Miss Callender again entertained their friends at their apartment, 7 East Seventy-second Street.

Monday the long-talked-of dinner and cotillon are to be given by Mr. Lispenard Stewart and Mr. A. Lanfear Norrie at Delmonico's, and perhaps that will infuse some spirit into the ennui which would seem to pervade one and all. It is said two or three important engagements are to be made known to the public very shortly, but Miss Constance Andrews and Mr. Paul Jones, of Nashville, are the only ones who have as yet announced their engagement.

Mr. George Vanderbilt who is being so eagerly watched, and who is so often reported engaged, has evidently been given up for the nonce and is allowed to talk with whom he will without having the date of his marriage immediately settled. The Tailor-Lorillard wedding will be the principal event after Easter, and there is already a flutter of excitement as

to the gowns to be worn at the different affairs of this sort, but there is a very sad story afloat to the effect that all the weddings are to be celebrated very quietly, with no bridesmaids, no ushers and mayhap, no cakes and no cards.

Mr. Furman's Saturday evenings at the Spencer House, Westchester, have come to an end. Not many guests went from New York, but the families who live near by have always guests with them over Sunday, and there were a goodly number present each time who thoroughly enjoyed themselves in spite of wind and weather.

The Progressive Euchre Club, which has been in existence for several seasons, met last Tuesday at the residence of Miss Mesier, 24 West Twenty-first Street. This Club is a very conservative one, and the names of the members are well known in New York social life for more than three generations. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Livingston, Miss de Peyster, Miss Ogden, Miss Carola Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rhineland. This Club meets every week during Lent at the houses of the different members. Although the Club is ostensibly a Progressive Euchre Club, other games of cards are played. The prizes are always worth having, and a pleasant evening is certain.

The saddest reason for the enforced quiet now prevailing is the number of prominent families who are in mourning. Mr. Arthur Leary's death last week was a cause for real grief to the many friends who loved and admired him, while the sympathy felt and expressed for his sister, Miss Leary, who is such a favorite, has been most widespread and genuine. Mr. and Miss Leary have entertained very extensively both in town and at Newport, and the closing of the house means a great loss socially.

Mrs. Lawrence Turnure's death last Saturday, while not entirely unexpected, was a shock to her many friends. For some time past Mrs. Turnure has taken very little part in social life, leaving that to her daughters, who are so well fitted to perform these duties, but her intimate friends and relatives have seen more of her through her deplored lack of strength, which often prevented her appearance at large entertainments. The family connection is a large one, and so several other households will be in temporary retirement.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, March 4th.—Entertainment for Women's Exchange. Sherry's.

Badminton.

Monday, March 6th.—Monday Sewing Class—Miss Manice.

Meeting of Progressive Euchre Club—Mrs. Philip Livingston.

Mrs. Hewitt, 9 Lexington Avenue. Evening reception.

Mr. Lanfear Norrie, Mr. Lisenard Stewart. Cotillon-dinner. Delmonico's.

Tuesday, March 7th.—Meeting of the Music Club. Mrs. H. Dunham, 37 East Thirty-sixth Street.

Wednesday, March 8th.—Mrs. Henry de Coppet, 17 West Seventeenth Street. French reading.

Knickerbocker Bowling Club.

Mrs. William A. Duer, 17 West Twenty-first Street. Dinner.

Wednesday Evening Theatre Club.

Thursday, March 9th.—Mrs. Samuel F. Barger, 192 Madison Avenue. Riddle reading.

Mrs. Cooper, 12 Washington Square, N. Reading.

Mrs. Maud Elliot Howe.

Thursday Evening Riding Club.

Friday, March 10th.—Mrs. Frederic Neilson. Sewing class.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. New York, February 25, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. Edward C. Post, Miss Van D. Reed, Miss Shields, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wright, Mr. E. A. Benedict, Mrs. Edwin H. Low, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wright, Jr.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Gascogne, February 23, 1893.—Mr. Theodore Conkling, Mr. J. Howard Duer, Mr. V. Gherardi, Mrs. Gherardi, Mr. H. M. Kidd, Mr. W. Ordway Partridge, Mr. Le Marquis de Portes, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Rogers.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Etruria, February 25, 1893.—Mr. A. F. Ayer, Mrs. S. G. Burn, Mr. Duncan Cryder, Dr. F. S. Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge, Miss Coolidge, Mr. E. N. Perkins, Mr. Wurts Dundas.

RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.
Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.

Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.
Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.
Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street.
Mrs. George T. Adey, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.
The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.
Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.
Mrs. John Pomeroy Townsend, 53 East Thirty-fourth Street.

Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 389 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin, Miss Cowdin, 14 West Twenty-first Street.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, 15 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Reginald C. Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place.

Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

ART SALE

SATURDAY, MARCH 4th

MR. OTTO TOASPERN, 51 WEST 10th STREET

Sale of

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES,

at four o'clock.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THE POPULARITY OF THE RACES—CIGARETTE SMOKING
AMONG WOMEN—A FETCHING COSTUME—DINNER
DECORATIONS AND GOWNS

NEVER was there a duller season here than that through which we have been struggling. The unusual severity of the weather is in a great measure responsible for this, as almost all our great ladies have taken refuge from snow and ice on the balmy shores of the Riviera, but the Panama scandals and the increased death rate here also contributed their quota to this gloomy state of affairs, and everybody is longing for spring, which will, doubtless, come to us with healing upon its azure wings, to cure our varied troubles.

Perhaps it is due to the remarkably limited number of entertainments and social functions this winter that the Sunday steeplechase meetings at Auteuil attract such large crowds of prominent people; and no matter what the weather the "pesage," or weighing-paddock, as well as the stands, are invariably thronged with all the great ladies now here, arrayed in the most simple of tailor-made gowns. Indeed, the fashion of having beautiful toilettes specially made for the race-meetings has been entirely abandoned, and it is no longer at Longchamps and Auteuil that the new modes in dresses, hats, sunshades, etc., are launched, as was the case formerly.

Among the most constant attendants at Auteuil are the Vicomtesse Emmanuel d'Harcourt, widow of the Duke of Castries, who herself owns a racing stud and has her colors registered. During the lifetime of her first husband, a brother of La Marechale MacMahon, she was in racing partnership with the Baron de Soubeyran. It is the wife of the latter who is now her inseparable companion at all the meetings. Mrs. Henry Ridgeway, the Princess Murat, the Duchesse de Feltre, the Comtesse André de Ganay, the Comtesse de Berteux, the Comtesse Le Marois and Madame de Salignac Fenelon seldom, if ever, miss putting in an appearance at Auteuil on Sunday afternoons, and among the proprietors of horses that run in the steeplechase I must not omit to mention the name of the "Comte d'Isola," which is the racing name of the Empress of Austria's sister, the Ex-Queen of Naples.

I miss, however, the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who is now in deep mourning for the death of her daughter, Bettina, which occurred at Vienna. Her other married daughter, Madame Michael Ephrussi, who used formerly to be noted for her passion for the turf, is likewise absent, being confined to her house by a painful and, I fear, incurable malady. Nor has the Comtesse de St. Roman put in an appearance since the death of her husband. Last Sunday the lovely Comtesse Le Marois, née de Ganay, inaugurated at Auteuil one of Morgan's new creations, namely, his so-called walking-suit, which is composed of a finely plaited dark navy serge skirt, finishing above the ankle; of a tight fitting jacket of the same material, and of a toque of navy velvet adorned with a partridge's wing. I must lower my voice to add, in a mere whisper, that with these suits petticoats are replaced by knickerbockers, and that a neat pair

of gaiters is fastened with tiny gold clasps from knee to ankle. Laced boots and dogskin gloves complete this fetching and comfortable get-up, which will soon become the rage here. Antique silver chatelaines are the necessary accompaniment of this style of dress. Thereon hang a hunting watch, a tiny silver-mounted whip, a silver-backed betting book, a whistle, and the cigarette-case and match-safe, which now appear to have become a necessity to every fashionable woman in Paris, London or Vienna. If, twenty years ago, a woman had smoked cigarettes in the open and unblushing way that many of us do nowadays, she would have been cut by most of her acquaintances. Nous avons changé tout cela, however, and smoking among women has now become such an accepted fact that cigarette manufacturers vie with each other in providing us with attractive and fragrant cigarettes. At the present moment gold-tipped ones of diminutive size are first favorites. The tobacco is deliciously delicate in flavor, and the tips being covered with real gold leaf, there is no danger of their sticking to the lips. Another variety has a mouthpiece of thin celluloid, so that the tobacco cannot possibly come in contact with the lips at all. Cigarette smoking among the weaker sex has of late become so general that one cannot but wonder whether the next move on their part will not be in the direction of cigars. All over Europe women of the most blue-blooded aristocracy, nay, the vast majority of Empresses, Queens and Princesses, rest in the blissful conviction that life bears a far more beautiful aspect when seen through the opalescent clouds of the fragrant smoke that issues from their delicate lips. They develop smoking into a fine art; they have fumeirs as dainty as are their boudoirs, and a paraphernalia of gold repoussé cigarette boxes, jeweled cigarette holders and cloisonné ash-receivers before which an Eastern Sultana would turn pale with envy.

A Parisian beauty belonging to the purest Faubourg St. Germain clan has just had a smoking-room furnished in her private apartments which cannot but tempt her fair visitors to become devotees of the fragrant weed. The deep low armchairs and couches are covered like the walls, with pale-green leather, embossed with silver fleur-de-lys, two great Renaissance cabinets inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl stand between the long, narrow windows, which are draped with curtains of cloth of silver, dating from the xvth century, and on the floor are black bearskins, soft and glossy, stretched over one huge sachet, filled with verbena powder, in order to combat the smell of smoke. Several tiny jade tables and Cairene stools, together with some piles of cushions in pale green silk-cloth, are scattered here and there, and the corners of this unique room are adorned with groups of feathery palms and of blossoming rhododendrons, both purple and white. Silver hanging lamps of old Italian transorato work depend from the emblazoned ceiling, shedding a pure soft light on the "tout ensemble," and in a monumental hearth of carved porphyry, logs of violet-wood and cedar blaze cheerfully and fragrantly.

There is now no limit to the luxury displayed in Parisian house-furnishing. A good instance thereof can be given by the bedroom which the young Duke d'Ayen has caused to be prepared for his lovely wife, and which she will occupy upon her return from her Mediterranean wedding trip. The bed is of hammered silver, and rests on a kind of dais covered with white velvet, whilst the hangings, chairs, and chaises-longues are of white satin embroidered with sprays of white heather and clusters of snowy violets in floss silks. The window curtains and "portières" are of point d'Alençon, over satin of the faintest and most evanescent shade of seashell pink, hardly discernible beneath the meshes of the costly fabric, but yet casting a rosy glow into the room. The toilette-duchesse standing before the window is also draped with point d'Alençon over palest pink, and is littered with all kinds of bottles, brushes, flacons and trays in silver encrusted with pink rubies. Banks of pale-pink dwarf aza-

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

leas are planted in silver "jardinières," and the rug is of ermine. A bathroom worthy of Venus herself opens from this ideal sleeping apartment. Walls, floor and ceiling are of pink Carrara marble with a frieze of carved Cupids gamboling among garlands of superbly executed flowers and fruit. The "tub" is reached by going down three marble steps, and is surrounded by groups of blossoming pink camellias and yellow mimosas, and a silver fountain in the shape of a dolphin replaces the ordinary douching apparatus. This room is lighted from the ceiling through a pink silk vellum, and at night tiny electric lights fashioned like rosebuds turn the whole place into a bower of light.

Dinners are almost the only entertainment given in the Faubourg now. Last week the Comtesse d'Armaillé asked her friends to partake of what she called "un diner fleuri," and this graceful innovation will remain in the memory of her distinguished guests as the feature of the entire season. The Hotel of Mme. d'Armaillé once belonged to her father, the illustrious General Count de Ségur, who was a great warrior and also a great writer. His pen was as glorious and as valorous as his sword, and he was one of the heroes of the Napoleonic era. Endowed with a singularly artistic taste, the General caused his residence in the Rue de la Boétie to be decorated and furnished entirely in Louis xvth style, and having inherited from his grandfather, who was King Louis the Fifteenth's Minister-of-war, some priceless treasures of art, and from his father, once French Ambassador at the Court of Catherine II., a superb collection of precious, he made the "Hotel de Ségur," as the house of the Comtesse is still called, a perfect museum. On the night of the dinner above mentioned each of the four salons had been profusely decorated with flowers, and the huge hall looked like a reproduction of the Valley of Cashmere, with its tall fade-palms, its garlands of blue and white passion flowers and the hanging baskets of orchids and tropical plants, which swung from the ceiling by long silver chains.

The dining-hall, which is paneled with matchless Gobelins, was one mass of flowers and verdure. Great pomegranate bushes, in square boxes of old Sèvres porcelain, raised their crimson blossoms against the sombre magnificence of the walls, and the chandelier above the long, square dinner-table was swathed in drooping wreaths of bright Chinese hibiscus and lustrous Indian ivy. A regular bank of white roses covered the table, the flowers being set so closely together that the table cloth was entirely concealed. Each plate was surrounded with a border of crimson jaqueminot rosebuds and from the surtout, representing a boar hunt in delicately wrought gold cordons of white and crimson orchids intermingled with bunches of grapes and clusters of luscious-looking strawberries, lost themselves among the roses. Nothing can give an idea of the coup d'oeil presented by this flowery board, and a murmur of admiration escaped the lips of the guests as they took their places. The Comtesse d'Armaillé, who is still a very beautiful woman, wore a sweeping black lace dress over white satin, enlivened by her celebrated pearls. Her daughter, the Princess de Broglie, who lives with her, assisted her in doing the honors in her usual charming manner. The gown of the Princess was one of the prettiest things that I have seen this year. The train and bodice were of pearl grey velvet brocade with silver thistles and were worn over a petticoat of gray satin of a slightly darker shade, veiled with diaphanous white gauze, elaborately embroidered below the knee with silver thread. A double stem of brilliants was cunningly knotted around her Grecian coiffure at the back, whilst diamond "satyr ears" sprang up from the soft mass of little fluffy curls above her brow. A lovely young débutante looked charming in a frock of baby-pink crêpe de Chine strewn with embroidered daisies and edged with a deep fringe of real daisies in pink and white, and a toilette of violet velvet and lemon brocade worn by a silvery haired matron, who seemed to have stepped from an old pastel frame, was much admired.

"THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER IN TOWN" AND "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER AT HOME" IN HATS—THE POPULARITY OF PURPLE—SOME PARISIAN DINNERS—LOIE FULLER'S TRIUMPH AT THE FRENCH CAPITAL—HER APPEARANCE AS A PERFORMING GUEST AT THE HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER OCCASIONED COMMENT—LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL RETURNS TO LONDON SOCIETY—THE BANCROFT AND LADY JEUNE'S TESTIMONIAL

THE subject of the Easter fashions still holds its own importance among us here, and is not to be put aside even by the graver question of the new Home Rule Bill, which the veteran Premier introduced to a wildly excited House on Monday night.

Meantime spring is coming on apace, and London is waking up to some small show of activity and life. Familiar faces are to be seen in the Park and Bond Street, the shops are displaying fresh novelties, and the smart dress-makers are courageously evolving original toilettes for their swagger "clients"—that is the correct expression in West End parlance! A fashionable modiste or milliner never owns to having "customers"—that smells of trade—she has her "clientèle," and those whom she honors with her services are entered in her books as clients.

With the unexpected advent of a few days' bright sunshine, spring hats and bonnets have made a fair running during the last week. A pretty woman can never have too many or too great a variety of these desirable adjuncts to feminine loveliness, and certainly the modes of the moment—the very last moment—are most charming. To really see these latest caprices of fashion, however, one must possess the magic open sesame to one or other of the few extra smart houses where everything is carried on in the quietest manner possible. No show windows and no shop, only an elegant drawing-room, handsomely furnished, softly carpeted and judiciously decorated with a few choice engravings, and one or two large mirrors. An inlaid table of buhl or marqueterie, holds six or eight "model" hats and bonnets, while from behind a tall Japanese screen a deft-handed, silent-footed young person, dressed in a faultlessly fitting black gown, brings from time to time other creations, each one more desirable than the last. Such an establishment is Madame Philisse's, where the newest and smartest modes are always to be found. Mme. Philisse is court milliner to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, and has her official appointment as such duly signed by the royal hand. Picture hats with her are an especial feature, and, by the way, these are more in favor than ever—copies from George Moreland's Eighteenth Century Cabinet canvases, such as the "Farmer's Daughter at Home," and the "Farmer's Daughter in Town," being the present vogue.

One such replica I particularly admired. It was made of fine armure straw of a soft yellow-brown tint, the wide brim curving up gracefully on one side, was faced back with shot brown and petunia violet velvet. The crown, high and small and narrowing down at the back, had a band of the shot velvet tied most cunningly in a big bow which served also as a background for a carelessly posed bouquet of dark and light violets and two uncurled golden brown ostrich feathers, which drooped daintily over the wide brim. Another, adapted from an old French print, was of the finest black chip lined with an openwork straw entre-deux, very pretty and very new. The low flat crown was formed entirely of orange velvet, the new tint which is wonderfully brilliant, lightly powdered over with tiny flowers in white floselle of hand embroidery. Two stiff black ospreys di-

vided the Alsace bow in front and added the finishing touch of success. A real 1830 bonnet, just completed for Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, the handsome mother of beautiful Lady Brooke, was exceptionally picturesque. It was composed of black velvet, the quaint flaring poke brim faced back with beautiful old cream guipure lace, making a charming if somewhat severe setting to the face within. A twist of cream satin ribbon accentuated the tiny steeple crown divided at regular intervals by large round jet discs, and finished off by three upstanding ostrich tips. Another very smart and most new little bonnet was apparently a bed of moss, made of silk and felt woven together, the latest material. It had a small poke crown, on either side of which a tiny black wing asserted itself, separated by a small posy of Parma violets. Narrow black velvet strings came from the back and tied under the chin in long loops and ends. For Lady Iveagh—whose husband, you know, has just become the purchaser of beautiful Savernake Forest, the ancestral home of the Ailesburys, the present Earl having run through everything, in which agreeable occupation he has been bravely assisted by his wife, the at-one-time well known "Dolly Tester" of music hall fame—Madame Philisse had prepared a most original little "Dutch" bonnet in black velvet with deep cut-out points at the back, a ruche of turquoise blue ribbon across the front inside the slightly curved brim, and two little feather tufts standing upright on one side. A similar bonnet, though in different coloring, had been made for Lady Woolsey. For Lady Rose and Lady Violet Molyneux two very pretty hats were just going home. They were of soft black armure straw with a somewhat wide brim making a deep curve in front, and turning sharply up at one side, faced back with green velvet, a full trimming of the fashionable shaded ribbon, heliotrope brown and green, finishing in a large bow in front served as a background to a happy arrangement of bird of paradise feathers tinted en suite, divided by a tiny rifle bird tip; this last touch of black striking the completing note.

Purple, and purple only, of all conceivable tints and shades, from the deepest royal Tyrean to the faintest rose mauve, is the prevailing nuance of the hour. It extends even to the flowers on one's dinner table, the buttonholes for one's coachman and groom and the ear-poses for one's carriage horses. Table decorations should all be either of the delicate blue mauve hyacinth framed in maidenhair fern sprays and tied about with long flots and wide bows of faint saffron colored ribbon, or of rose pink cyclamen set in white lilac, or large, low silver repoussé bowls holding great plateaux of sweet-scented Parma violets, supplemented by slender crystal vases supporting trails of young smilax mixed with the feathery graceful cannes mimosa blossoms. In Paris as here the same color craze dominates the smart set, and to pose successfully in any line one must never appear without this floral sign manual. I wonder how many remember, as they don the modest blossom, how at one time it was the Imperial flower of France, adopted as such by that most beautiful of women sovereigns, Eugénie de Montijo.

At a very delightful dinner given last week by Mrs. Ayer, at her beautiful home in the Rue de Constantine, the flower decorations were most exquisite, formed entirely of rose mauve cyclamens and white lilac, with reliefs of pale green foliage placed in careless effectiveness on the beautiful white damask. The service was all in pierced Armenian silver work, as delicate as a cobweb, and the menu beggared description. We were only a small party, and as all were "going on" afterward to the Nouveau Cirque, the ladies were in smart afternoon toilettes completed by pretty apologies for bonnets which seemed made up only of a suggestion of lace, a flash of jewels and a tiny posy of the flower. With but one exception, the guests were all

Americans, Baron Alexandri proving the rule—and, by the way, is the rumor altogether without foundation that this same Baron is a prétendu to the hand and fortune of Mrs. Ayer? Du reste, we had Miss Fanny Reed, Mrs. Paron Stevens's sister—whom not to know in Paris is to be out of it altogether, and whose account of her niece, Mrs. Arthur Paget—née Miss Minnie Stevens, I regret to say was anything but satisfactory. Mrs. Paget has been suffering for some months from severe eczema, which has especially affected her eyes. Everyone is most sorry for her; she is the greatest possible favorite in London society, and her beautiful home in Belgrave Square is one of the most hospitable Anglo-American salons. Miss Bonyngue was also a guest, and looked very pretty all in black, with some chiffony tints like white wings in her tiny bonnet, Miss de Grasse Stevens in black and heliotrope, and Mr. Irving N. Van Wart, the eldest son of Mrs. Frank Evans, whose husband, the Liberal Member for Southampton is just now very much quoted in all the dailies, and who forms the leading "Character Sketch" in the current Review of Reviews, with Mr. Session, the new American dramatic tenor, completed our number. Mrs. Ayer is truly an exceptional hostess; her kindness of heart and open-handed generosity are household words in Americo-Parisian circles. She intends returning to the States during the late summer to visit the Chicago World's Fair, and will come to London for May and June.

After all, Paris is always delightful. The gay frivolous Lulitua possesses a charm uniquely its own, and which not even the "chances and changes" of modern evolution are able to destroy. Mr. Balfour's happy epigram-quotation, got off last night in the House, anent the "G. O. M.," fits also to a nicety the reckless, brilliant "bonnet-rouge" sign of latter-day Paris: "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety." I found the American colony there in full swing, and—Loie Fuller the agony of the moment! Loie Fuller, the pretty little American danseuse, who made no success at all at the Royal Aquarium here, has bounded at seul pas into the front ranks of Parisian facile fancy, and has captivated everybody, from the U. S. Minister down to the most insignificant grisette, by her wonderful grace of movement and marvelous dancing—if dancing it can be called. To me, I confess, it seemed an indescribably beautiful succession of limb undulations, which two lines from Tennyson hit off to the mark: "The charm of woven paces and of waving arms." But whatever the charm may be, Loie Fuller has completely transformed the Folies Bergères. From being a variety theatre no one ever owned to visiting it is now crowded night after night by the very haute du haute monde. All the same, Minister Coolidge's two afternoons, given at his official residence, at which Loie Fuller appeared as the attraction, have given rise to considerable not too good-natured gossip. Perhaps it was somewhat strong meat for a descendant of the rigid Pilgrim Fathers to offer, —but then, so again goes the rumor, it was only by those who were unavoidably "left out" in the invitations that any discussion was raised, and Mr. Coolidge is too assured, and he is far too great a favorite to be affected by the jealous buzzing tittle-tattle of disappointed would-be guests.

An exceptionally charming Paris salon is Miss Cullen Bryant's, who with her cousin, Miss Fairchild, occupies a delightful house in the Rue Galilée, Champs Elysées. Their Wednesday afternoon "English teas" are much sought after, and to receive an invitation to one of their little dinners, perfectly appointed to the smallest detail, is decidedly a difficult affair. It was there I met Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilmerding; she looking as faultlessly arrayed as always, and he in much better health, and in even greater form than usual. They leave Paris this week for a wandering holiday through the south of France. Fellow guests were also Mr. George Draper, the doyen resident of the American circle,

overflowing with good stories, and De La Platt, and Mrs. Bacon, the pretty wife of the successful Boston painter.

Every one is rejoicing at Lady Randolph Churchill's return to London. She has been an invalid so long, and can so ill be missed. She and Sir "Randy" are very much in evidence just now, and were two of the smartest guests two nights ago at Mrs. Adair's dinner party, given in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May. The pretty house in Curzon Street was all ablaze with electric lights and the most exquisite flowers from Mr. Adair's country place in Buckinghamshire, and the concert that followed was a veritable "feast of reason and of sound."

Princess May of Teck, by the way, sails this week with and as the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the *Alberta*, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The Duke of York is also a fellow passenger, and it is now more than an assured secret that the formal announcement of their engagement will be given out directly after their return to England, in three weeks' time. I have it, indeed, on the best authority that the Princess's wedding dress is already ordered, and that the rest of her trousseau is well under way. She, with her mother, Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Randolph Churchill, were the most conspicuous guests in the Ladies' Gallery on Monday, when the Premier made his great Home Rule debut.

The one great dramatic event of the week comes off to-night at the Garrick Theatre, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft make their rentrée on the stage after an absence of several years, in the revival of *Diplomacy*—a play which the Kendals have made famous in America. As a token of enthusiastic joy at the return of Marie Wilton to the scene of her former triumphs, Lady Jeune, supported by other hero-worshippers, has prepared a testimonial "of regard" in the shape of a magnificent diamond bracelet, which is to be presented to Mrs. Bancroft after the premier this evening, all subscribers thereto being invited to the stage supper and ceremony of presentation! Some people—and not a few—are shrugging their shoulders just a little bit, and asking the why and the wherefore—and does Mrs. Bancroft care for diamonds after all? Hasn't she had enough of them, etc.? and why do Lady Jeune, and the other ladies of quality, trouble themselves so much to play up to—Marie Wilton? And—but no, that is ancient history, and "quite another story," also perhaps libelous. So I will not repeat the pretty little tale anent a "jeweled character."

Next week I shall send you some notes as to the new fashions for men. There are to be decided changes this season in this venue, and I am promised an inside private view of the last up to date modes in this important department of smart personalities.

Diane.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

I Understand that a number of men, rather well known in New York society, have a scheme under way by which they will build a permanent home for opera comique in this city. The negotiations have gone so far, in fact, that a proposal has been made to a certain American composer of light music by which he will furnish the syndicate with at least one opera every season. It is the purpose of those interested in the project to make their opera house quite as handsome and complete in its way as was the Metropolitan Opera House. I can see no reason why such an undertaking should not be a success. Leaving out of the question the Casino, which seems to be one thing one day and something else the next, there is no theatre in this country which is given up exclusively to performances of the works of musical composers of other than grand opera.

If the report that the trustees of the Theatre of Arts and Letters intend to have a theatre of their own next season, where they will give performances every night except Sunday, has foundation in fact, our theatregoers will be presented next autumn with a very diversified list of permanent organizations. If the four projects now contemplated come to pass, we shall have, throughout the coming winter season, grand opera, opera comique, the Theatre of Arts and Letters and the Vaudeville Club, all established in homes of their own, and all stamped with the seal of society. In this connection it is quite pertinent to observe, however, that theatrical schemes are more uncertain than any others.

I was talking with Henry E. Abbey the other day about what is termed "magnetism." This is the one quality in the art of acting that defies analysis on the part of the critics, and that wins the greatest popularity for the actor. Mr. Abbey's belief in magnetism is so strong that it amounts almost to a superstition. "I remember some years ago," said he, "when Henry Irving was just becoming prominent in London. I was talking with Christine Nilsson and Edmund Yates at a reception given by the French Legation. The orchestra was playing a waltz, and every one was dancing. The rooms were packed. Suddenly Nilsson put her hand upon my arm and said, 'Henry Irving is here.' Intuitively every one turned toward the further end of the principal ball-room. Mr. Irving had just passed the doorway. Now, Miss Nilsson had no way of knowing that he had come at the time she spoke to me. It was simply an illustration of the old saying that we can feel a person's presence. How many excellent actors there are," concluded Mr. Abbey, "who, however admirable they may be in the technique of acting, still lack that indefinable quality known as magnetism!"

It is altogether probable that Marie Burroughs, who is at present E. S. Willard's leading lady, will become a star next season. It will be her purpose to appear in romantic and costume dramas in a Shakespearean repertoire, and it has possibly occurred to her that she will slip easily into the position to be left vacant by Minna Gale-Haines. When we take into consideration our Julia Marlowes and our Margaret Mathers, there is no reason why the pleasing personality and the ability of Miss Burroughs should not carry her at least through a season as an independent attraction.

Actors and actresses, as a rule, are so wrapped up in their own performances and personalities that it never occurs to them that they can be benefited by seeing others act. I note that in the case of the leading lady of the Lyceum, however, quite the reverse is the case. Georgia Cayvan is an enthusiastic admirer of Eleanora Duse. She tells me that in her opinion Duse is the greatest actress that we have ever seen in this country, and that she is ten years in advance of her time. So great is Miss Cayvan's esteem for the Italian actress, and so limited are her opportunities for seeing her, that immediately upon the dropping of the final curtain in *Americans Abroad* she throws on her wraps and hastens through the stage entrance to a carriage that takes her at breakneck speed to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where Miss Cayvan can see at least the closing scenes of Duse's performances.

We are certainly having our fill of English actors. Now touring America are Wilson Barrett, George Giddons, Mr. Willard, Kyrle Bellew and George Grossmith. Mrs. Bernard-Beere is only recently something of the past, and before the year is out Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and Mr. William Terriss will be among us. Furthermore, my London correspondent writes that he has recently seen Mrs. John Wood, who tells him that it is altogether probable that she will play here in the autumn.

I know, too, that Charles Wyndham has been cabling to find out if he can secure a theatre in New York, and that W. S. Penley, celebrated as the originator of the part of The Private Secretary, and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree have been meditating for some time upon the advisability of reaching out for American dollars. I have not the least objection to any number of English actors coming over here to act, but it would certainly seem fair that they give their American friends a chance to change places with them.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is still recruiting at Monte Carlo. He has lately had a visit from Sir George Grove, who seized a brief vacation from his labors at the Royal College of Music last week. Signor Tosti started from London in order to be present at Milan at the production of Verdi's Falstaff. He was, however, taken ill at Dover, and obliged to return forthwith to town. Signor Randegger is now at Milan with many other musicians and critics, who are interested in the new work.

A charming breakfast was given last Saturday by Mrs. Wilber A. Bloodgood. A silken cloth embroidered with fleur-de-lis in gold, and edged with wide lace, covered the table. The favors were large bunches of violets, tied up in lace handkerchiefs, with violet ribbon; a pretty idea to prevent the wet stems coming in contact with dainty gowns.

In the drawing-room a rubber tree, with long straight stem and wide branches just missing the ceiling, stood at the centre of the front half of the room, the dark foliage and graceful branches giving variety to the conventional furnishing.

FORMAL OPENINGS OF NEW BUILDINGS

Monday, March 6th.—The members of The National Academy of Design, The Architectural League and The Society of American Artists will inspect The Waldorf, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street.

Reception by The Board of Trustees of the United Charities Building, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. Hugh D. Auchincloss, R. Fulton Cutting, Rev. A. F. Schauffler, Stephen Baker, Robert W. De Forest, J. Kennedy Tod, Charles L. Brace, John S. Kennedy, James A. Strymer.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS

A Black silk house gown, trimmed with a full ruche around the bottom, is shown on page 179. It is made slightly en traine. A charming jacket is worn with this, of pale blue corded silk lined with white. It is embroidered in a floral pattern in natural colors and made with a small Watteau in the back which springs from a yoke covered with ruches of narrow black lace. The sleeves are puffed at the top and do not reach the elbow. They are met by wrinkled tight sleeves of black silk finished by a cuff of the blue material slightly embroidered. Patent leather slippers and black silk stockings.

In the figure at the top of page 177 the hair is combed high and disposed in puffs and coils on the top of the head. This is Empire style, and a fillet of gold, silver or ribbon is frequently worn to confine the loops. The style of coiffure shown in the figure at the bottom of the page is a very becoming one to some faces. The hair is all loosely drawn back except a narrow fringe on the forehead which is waved

(Continued on page 8)



THE ladies of our day are too sensible to go back to the hoopskirt of a less artistic period. Nor need they. The graceful flare of the skirt, so elegant and stylish, just coming into vogue, can be produced with

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or curled slightly. A Psyche knot at the back is encircled by a twist of ribbon ending in a butterfly bow and jeweled spray.

In the centre at the left is seen a coiffure much in vogue at present. It denotes a tendency toward the chignon, as the knot in the back is low and in the shape of a "bun," by which name it is known in London. Sometimes there are two of these bun-shaped knots extending from the nape to the crown of the head.

To the right is the coiffure of 1830, consisting of irregular loops of hair drawn high and turned to the front, the central loop being the highest. The puffs are close and compact and the hair is curled in slight waves on the forehead. A diamond comb with jeweled antennæ is worn by the figure in the plate.

A gown of soft gray cashmere of the palest shade (page 185), has the skirt made with train. The draperies are clinging and have no crinoline effect. At the bottom of the skirt is a trimming consisting of three rows of narrow gray velvet of a darker shade than the gown. There is a little white nest of mousseline-de-soie with high collar of the same fastened at the side with a bow of white ribbon. The sleeves are leg-o'-mutton shape and are very wide at the top. A Marie Antoinette fichu is worn with this costume. It is made of fine white silk mull and has a graduated ruffle, the widest part of which falls over the top of the shoulders. The ends are crossed in front and are tied behind. A narrow girdle of white ribbon with bow at the side finishes the toilette.

The equestrienne in our plate rides a mettlesome park hack, dark bay in color. She wears a habit consisting of skirt and jacket of light gray cloth. The coat is tight fitting and made with revers showing a habit skirt beneath, with high collar and four-in-hand tie. The derby hat is the same color as the habit. The elderly man riding the gray polo pony has a black cut-away coat, trousers of dark blue serge with stripe of black braid, patent leather congress gaiters and a top hat. He wears box spurs and a chrysanthemum for a boutonnière. His gloves are dark tan in color.

On the top of the page (175) is shown a spring costume of lilac Pékin with stripe of darker shade of the same color. Cape of lilac velvet with shorter upper cape of the Pékin trimmed with three narrow ruches of lilac velvet and a ruffle of cream-colored lace. Ruche of lilac velvet around the throat. Poke bonnet 1830 style, of straw lined with lilac and trimmed with white and purple lilacs. Parasol of lilac silk trimmed with a ruffle of cream-white chiffon.

The central figure, seated, wears a tea gown of Pompadour silk with alternate white and blue stripes far apart. The blue stripes are formed of narrow blue lines, and in the white stripes appear garlands of pink and blue flowers of exquisite design. Around the neck, and down the front of the gown extending to the bottom of the skirt is an accordion plaited ruffle of pink chiffon forming a jabot. The sleeves are of the silk and reach to the elbows, where they are finished by a wide ruffle of the pink chiffon. The girdle is of black velvet—the stockings of black silk show an openwork pattern, and the slippers are of patent leather with small diamond buckles.

To the right is a charming figure in an evening gown of white crêpe, trimmed with seven ruches of the same, the pinked edges giving them a light fluffy appearance. The round skirt is plain in front and over the hips, and falls in full gathers behind. The corsage is of primrose velvet, cut low in the neck and trimmed with bretelles of white lace, which fall in folds over the sleeves. A bow of primrose velvet is upon each shoulder. The white crêpe sleeves are balloon shaped, and are trimmed with a ruffle of lace.

To the left, on the lower part of the page, is a pretty

evening costume of apricot faille. The fourreau skirt is made with a train and has a deep flounce of lace around the bottom, arranged slightly in festoons, each festoon fastened by a bow of ribbon. The round corsage is cut low in the neck, but does not uncover the shoulders. The short sleeves are puffed, and are hidden under the deep bertha formed by three rows of lace which match the flounce on the skirt.

The fifth figure on the page wears an 1830 walking costume. The skirt is full and just touches the ground. It is of mignonette colored cloth, and is finished around the bottom by a single row of otter fur. The corsage is made with full puffed sleeves, ending in a long tight-fitting cuff edged with otter. There is a wide bertha falling from the shoulders and giving the broad drooping effect characteristic of the period. The bertha is edged both top and bottom with otter, and is fastened in front with silk buttons of the color of the cloth. The yoke or guimpe is of dark green velvet, edged around the throat with otter. The poke bonnet is of green felt, trimmed with mignonette and loops of ribbon. Dark green parasol, edged with chiffon.

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